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## BEGIN HERE TODAY

After eight years of married life, MARK SABRE, a well-educated Englishman, realizes that he and his wife, MABEL, have been drifting apart because of fundamental differences in taste. Sabre's delight in poetry, in whimsical humor, in democratic ideals are not shared by the prosaic and snobbish Mabel.

In hours of leisure from his work in the firm of Fortune, East and Sabre, church and school officers, the publishing department, Sabre visits his eccentric but charming neighbors, Mr. Fargus and "the Perches." Suddenly another friend appears—NONA. She is now Lady Tybar, Sabre's bicycling to work unexpectedly meets Nona and her dashing husband.

## LORD TYBAR.

GO ON WITH THE STORY  
Lord Tybar's lady, who was twenty-eight, carried in her countenance and in her hair the pleasing complement of her lord's tan and olive hue and of his cropped black hair. She was extraordinarily fair. Her skin was of the hue and of the sheen of creamy silk, and glowed beneath its hue. It presented an amazing delicacy and yet an exquisite firmness. Children, playing with her, and she delighted in playing with children (but she was childless), often asked to stroke her face. They would stare at her face in that immensely absorbed way in which children stare, and then ask to touch her face and just stroke it: their baby fingers were not more softly spongy. Of her hair Lady Tybar had said frequently, from her girlhood upwards, that it was "a most sickening nuisance." She bound it tightly as to be firm and be firm with the sickening nuisance that it was to her.

Out of a hundred people who passed her by quite a considerable number would have denied that she was beautiful. Her face was round and saucy rather than oval and classical. Inconspicuous the striking attraction of her complexion and of her hair; but not beautiful—quite a number would have said, and did say. Oh, no; pretty, perhaps, in a way, but that's all.

But her face was much more than beautiful to Sabre.



## How to Make a Receiving Set

BY WILLIAM G. H. FINCH,  
Associate Member Institute of Radio  
Engineers.  
(Special to The News-Times.)

NOTE—By following the succeeding articles any amateur radio fan will be able to make his own radio receiving set at very small cost.

—THE EDITOR.

NEW YORK, March 29.—A simple radio receiver suitable to receive the radiophone broadcasts and television consists of the following items, which will be treated separately.

1. An inductance or tuning coil by means of which the wave length of your set may be tuned to that of the station you desire to receive.

2. Crystal rectifier or mineral detector that will enable you to rectify or make audible the electro-magnetic wave carrying voice or telegraph signals in your telephone receiver.

3. High resistance telephone receiver, the use of which enables you to hear the weak current rectified by the detector.

4. Fixed condenser across the receiver that stores up the weak currents and then discharges them through the telephone receiver.

Aerial Is Essential.

5. Antenna, or aerial—A wire or wires suspended in the air and insulated from all surrounding objects being a part of the electrical system by which the electro-magnetic waves are sent or received.

6. Ground—May be a wire buried in the earth or an artificial ground may be a water pipe which completes the radio circuit.

The first item to consider is the tuning inductance or tuning coil. One that will give good results may be constructed as follows:

Materials needed—One cardboard tube 1-16 of an inch thick, 3 inches in diameter, 6 inches long; 1-3 pound of No. 20 or 22 B. S. single silk-covered copper wire; one 1 1/2 inch radio switch level and hard-rubber knob; 12 switch points; one wood base 3/4 of an inch thick, 6 1/2 inches long, 4 inches wide; one sheet of bakelite 6 1/2 inches long, 4 1/2 inches wide, 1/4 inch thick and drilled as shown; three nickel-plated binding posts; four wood screws to secure bakelite front to base as shown.

How to Start It.  
After you have secured the above materials and with the aid of a screw driver, paint brush, hand drills and some other shellac, take cardboard tube, give it a good coat of shellac, after it is dry punch small holes 1/4 of an inch from either end with a darning needle, pass wire through and tie. Allow about one foot to make connections. Wind eight turns, scrape a small amount of the insulation off and make your first connection or tap. (Note—Use about six feet of wire and cut same into 11 equal lengths to use for taking taps off of the coil.) Be sure when taking taps from the coil that connections are tight, soldered and taped. Take taps off the 12th, 16th, 20th, 24th, 40th, 64th, 100th, and last turn. Be sure you have all connections soldered and taped, because you are working with very weak currents and cannot afford to let any leaky conditions exist.

After you have the above work done shellac the windings as this will help keep them in place and at the same time help keep the moisture away, thus warding off grounds. Take the hard rubber or bakelite sheeting and drill to take switch points, binding post and switch lever as shown in the drawing. Drill also three holes to take 1/4 inch wood screws as shown to secure bakelite front. Connect and solder taps, starting from the left, as illustrated. Secure coil to base with fibre strip and make connections as shown.

The next installment will tell how to make a Catwisker or Galena detector.

stretched out her neck towards Sabre and quivered her nostrils at him, sensing him. He put up a hand to stroke her beautiful muzzle and she threw up her head violently and swerved sharply around.

The mare was wheeled round again to her former position; against her will, but somehow as the natural result of her dancing. Marvellous how he directed her caprices into his own intentions and against her own. But Lord Tybar was now looking away behind him to where the adjoining meadow sloped far away and steeply to a copse. In the hollow only the tops of the trees could be seen. His eyes were screwed up in distant vision. He said, "Dash it, there's that old bighorn. He's been avoiding me. Now I've got him. Nona, you won't mind getting back alone?"

He twisted the mare in a wonderfully quick and dexterous movement. "Goodby, Sabre. You don't mind, Nona?" And he dashed back to the low bank with a superbly easy motion. He turned to wave his hand as she landed nimbly in the meadow, and he cantered away, image of grace, poetry of movement. Fortune's favorite.

The features of the level valley beyond the brow where only he could have seen the individual he sought, were, at that distance, of Noah's Ark dimensions. "How he could be so recognized any one!" said Nona, her gaze towards the valley. "I can't even see anyone. He's got eyes like about four hawks!"

Sabre said, "And rides like a—what do they call those things?—like a centaur!"

She turned her head toward him. "He does everything better than anyone else," she said. "That's Tony's characteristic. Everything. He's perfectly wonderful."

Those were enthusiastic words; but she spoke them without enthusiasm; she merely pronounced them. "Well, I'm off, too," she said. "And what about you, Marko? You're going to work, aren't you? I don't think you ought to be able to stop and gossip like this. You're not getting an idler, are you? You used to be such a devoted hard-worker. My word!" and she laughed as though at some amused memory of his devotion to work.

He laughed, too. They certainly had many recollections in common, though not all laughable. "I don't think I'm quite so—so earnest as I used to be," he smiled.

Marko, but I like you earnest, Marko."

There was the tiniest silence between them. Yet it seemed to Sabre a very long silence.

She was again the one to speak, and her tone was rather abrupt and high-pitched as if she, too, were conscious of a long silence and broke it deliberately, as one breaks, with an effort, constraint.

"And how's Mabel?"

"She's all right. She's ever so keen on this Garden Home business."

"She would be," said Nona. "And so am I!" said Sabre. Something in her tone made him say it defiantly.

She laughed. "I'm sure you are, Marko. Well, goodbye; and as Perry and Toms began to turn with his

customary sedateness of motion she made the remark, "I'm so glad you don't wear trouser clips. Marko, I do loathe trouser clips."

He told her that he rode "one of those chainless bikes."

He said it rather mumbly. Exactly in that tone she used to say things like, "I do like you in that brown suit, Marko."

He resumed his ride. A mile farther on he overtook, on a slight rise, an immense tree trunk slung here and there by two tremendous horses, harnessed tandemwise. As he passed them came the smell of warm horse-flesh and his thought was "Pretty!"

He shot ahead and a line came into his mind:

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?"

Well, he had had certain aspirations, dreams, visions. . . .

CHAPTER II

Sabre found but little business awaiting him when he got to his office. He took out the manuscript of "England" and turned over the pages. He wondered what Nona would think of it. He would like to tell her about it.

Twynning came in.

Twynning was of middle height, very thin, black-haired. His clean-shaven face was deeply furrowed in rigid-looking furrows which looked as though shaving would be an intricate operation. He held himself very stiffly and spoke stiffly as though the cords of his larynx were also rigidly inclined. When not speaking he had a habit of breathing rather noisily through his nose as if he were doing deep breathing exercises. He was married and had a son of whom he was immensely proud, aged eighteen and doing well in a lawyer's office.

He came in and closed the door. He had a sheet of paper in his hand. "Jonah's going to take me into partnership. Just told me."

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

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Uncle Wiggily

THE STORY OF THE WIND WAGON

By HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Now don't be late for supper, whatever happens, Uncle Wiggily!" called Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, as the bunny rabbit gentleman hopped away from his hollow stump bungalow one morning. "Be sure and come back in time for supper, as I'm not going to save any for you. There's going to be hot biscuits and honey, and you know they don't keep!"

"I'll eat so many hot biscuits with sweet honey on that there will be none to keep over for next day."

"Well, be sure to be here on time then!" warned the muskrat lady, as she gave her tail a twitch to wipe some dust off the door sill.

"I'll be back here to supper on time if I have to run all the way," promised the bunny gentleman.

Then Nurse Jane went in the bungalow to make the biscuits and Uncle Wiggily hopped along to find an adventure.

Mr. Longears had not hopped very far, and he was wondering what might happen when all at once, he heard behind a bush a voice saying: "Let's ask him! Maybe he'll give us some!"

"Dear me!" thought the rabbit uncle. "I wonder if that's the Fuzzy Fox or the Woosie Wolf going to ask me to give them some nibbles off my ears? Well, I'll not give them any, that's sure."

Uncle Wiggily was just going to hop away when out of the bushes came Jackie and Peetle Bow Wow, the two puppy dog boys.

"Oh hello, Jackie and Peetle!" cried the bunny, twinkling his pink nose. "I guess I don't need to run away from you!"

"Indeed, we hope not!" barked Jackie. "We're glad to meet you. Have you any old umbrellas you could let us take?" he went on. "I

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"Indeed, we hope not!" barked Jackie. "We're glad to meet you. Have you any old umbrellas you could let us take?" he went on. "I

remember when you fixed your good one up, ready for the April showers, you had lots of pieces of umbrella left over. Could you give us an old one?"

"Why, yes, Jackie! I suppose there's an umbrella or two out at my bungalow," said the bunny. "Just run back and tell Nurse Jane I said to give you one. But what are you going to do with an old umbrella? It isn't raining—the March wind is blowing too hard for it to rain."

"We're going to make a wind wagon from an old umbrella," barked Peetle.

"A wind wagon?" cried Uncle Wiggily. "How do you make that?"

"Well, we have here our little express wagon," said Jackie, pulling it from behind the bush. "To make a wind wagon we just sit in this one, hold up an open umbrella and the wind blows us along as nicely as you please. That's a wind wagon."

"I see!" laughed the bunny. "Well, get one of my old umbrellas and make yourselves a wind wagon, and I hope you have lots of fun. As for me, I must hop along to look for an adventure."

The doggie boys thanked the bunny and ran back with their express wagon to get an old umbrella. Uncle Wiggily hopped along over the fields and he was just going through the woods, when, all of a sudden, he felt himself caught by one leg.

"Oh, dear! The Fox has me!" cried the bunny, but he heard the barking of no Fox.

"That it must be the Woosie Wolf!" said the rabbit. But he heard no growling of the Wolf. Then,

looking down at his leg, Uncle Wiggily saw that it was caught in a tangle of wild grape vine.

"Oh, ho! I'm all right!" laughed the bunny. "I'm caught, as if in a trap, but I can gnaw my way out easily enough. I'll gnaw through the grape vine."

But this was not as easy as he had thought it would be, and it took him a long time, so that when he was free, it was nearly dark.

"Oh, my goodness me!" cried the bunny. "I'll be late for supper, and all the hot biscuits and honey will be gone! I must hop! I must run!" So he hopped and ran, but he was a long way from his bungalow, and he knew he could hardly be in time for supper.

"Oh, dear! What shall I do?" cried Uncle Wiggily.

"Do?" Why ride with us, to be sure, cried some jolly voices. There was a rattle and a splash, and along came Jackie and Peetle in their wind wagon. They sat in their little express cart, holding open in front of them an old umbrella. The wind blew on the umbrella as on a sail, and the wagon skimmed along like an ice boat, while Peetle steered.

"Jump in and we'll soon ride you home in our wind wagon!" barked Peetle.

In jumped the bunny, Jackie putting the umbrella down for a moment to stop the wagon. Then the umbrella sail was hoisted again, and along went all three, faster and faster.

"My! I never rode so swiftly in all my life!" cried Uncle Wiggily, holding his hat down over his ears.

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